



## Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact [support@jstor.org](mailto:support@jstor.org).

# ADVOCATE OF PEACE.

AUGUST, 1843.

## CLAIMS OF PEACE ON LITERARY MEN.—No. 4.

War has spread a species of moral malaria over the whole world. Look at the dangers from a literature tainted with its spirit. These dangers cluster thickly along the student's path. At every step he treads among the scorpions of war; with every breath he inhales its delicious infection; at every turn he is met by its gilded and glorious fascinations. Its kaleidoscopes pour upon his eye from every quarter their bright and dazzling images. War besets every avenue to his soul. He is constantly begirt with its influences. They form the atmosphere and aliment of his moral being. The richest banquets of taste and intellect are strongly spiced with the spirit of war. The waters of Helicon are saturated with it. The very nectar and ambrosia of ancient literature are steeped in it. The plague-spots are all over the noblest creations of genius. This moral gangrene cankers the literature of the world, and mars more or less the best specimens of ancient and modern poetry and eloquence, history and philosophy.

Now, if the student must or will peruse such works, does he need no shield, no warning against the dangers that lurk on every side of him, no antidote to the moral poison he is continually imbibing? Let him beware; his task is perilous,—very like that of a botanist culling flowers from a garden of death, or an amateur trying to pull a jewel of diamonds from a body all spotted with the plague, or a traveller inhaling Arabian odors wafted on the wings of the Simoom.

Every scholar knows these dangers, and ought to warn his inexperienced successors against the Scylla and Charybdis of their course.

Haud mali ignarus, miseris succurrere disco.

The mania of war has pervaded the world; its Circean spells have bound the master minds of every age; its atmosphere of death hangs over all the fields of ancient and modern literature; and, inhaled by the student, it is continually tainting the life-blood of his soul. Genius, taste, learning, all have bowed, age after age, before this universal Moloch, and poured out their richest offerings on its altar.

This point needs no proof not familiar to every general reader. The literature of the world reeks with war. Scarce a poet or orator, historian or philosopher of Greece or Rome that did not worship at the shrine of the war-demon, and bequeath to posterity some memorial of his devotion. Nor is the literature even of Christendom free from the same taint; her purest writers seem to have breathed more or less of the war-spirit. It pervades the writings of Addison himself; and you need only glance over the pages of his *Cato*, or his *Epistle to the Duke of Marlborough*, for enough of such a spirit to infect an age. Take a specimen from the latter.

"Fired and transported with a theme so new,  
Ten thousand wonders opening to my view,  
Shine forth at once; sieges and storms appear,  
And wars and conquests fill the important year;

Rivers of blood I see, and hills of slain,  
An Iliad rising out of one campaign.

But, O! my muse, what numbers wilt thou find  
To sing the furious troops in battle joined!  
Methinks I hear the drums' tumultuous sound,  
The victors' shouts, and dying groans confound,  
The dreadful burst of cannon rend the skies,  
And all the thunder of the battle rise!  
'T was then great Marlborough's mighty soul was proved,  
That in the shock of charging hosts unmoved,  
Amidst confusion, horror and despair,  
Examined all the dreadful scenes of war,  
In peaceful thought the field of death surveyed,  
To fainting squadrons sent the timely aid,  
Inspired repulsed battalions to engage,  
And taught the doubtful battle where to rage.

So when an angel, by divine command,  
With rising tempest shakes a guilty land,  
Such as of late o'er pale Britannia past,  
Calm and serene he drives the furious blast,  
And, pleased the Almighty's orders to perform,  
Rides on the whirlwind, and directs the storm.

Thus would I fain Britannia's wars rehearse,  
In the smooth records of a faithful verse,  
That, if such numbers can o'er time prevail,  
May tell posterity the wondrous tale.  
Marlborough's exploits appear divinely bright,  
And proudly shine in their own native light;  
Raised of themselves, their genuine charms they boast,  
And those who paint them truest, praise them most."

When writing an epistle from Italy, that land of music and song, where

"Poetic fields encompassed him around,  
And still he seemed to tread on classic ground;  
For there the muse so oft her harp had strung,  
That not a mountain rears its head unsung,  
Renowned in verse, each shady thicket grows,  
And every stream in heavenly numbers flows,"

the poet could not refrain from weaving a chaplet for the brow of war, talking big of "the hero's godlike acts," and telling us,

"'Tis Britain's care to watch o'er Europe's fate,  
And hold in balance each contending state;  
To threaten bold, presumptuous kings with war,  
And answer her afflicted neighbor's prayer.  
The Dane and Swede, roused up by fierce alarms,  
Bless the wise conduct of her pious arms;  
The ambitious beholds, with secret dread,  
Her thunder aimed at his aspiring head."

If such sentiments stain the pages of Addison, what are we to expect in the great body of English literature! The poet may occasionally depict the atrocities and horrors of war with startling vividness, but will be sure to abet the custom itself by adding,

"Yet should Rebellion, bursting from the caves  
Of Erebus, uprear his hydra form,  
To poison Liberty, thy light divine,  
Britannia! rescue earth from such a bane;  
Exert thine ancient spirit; urge thyself  
Into the bowels of the glowing war,  
Sweep her from day, to multiply the fiends,  
And scare the damned! And thou! the God of Hosts,  
Supreme! the Lord of lords, and King of kings!  
Thy people, thine anointed, with thy shield,  
Cover and shade; unbare thy righteous arm,  
And save us in the hollow of thy hand!

Michael send, as erst against the host  
Of Lucifer, and let his sword be drunk  
With rebel blood. The battle is thine own,  
When virtue, liberty, religion call;  
Thine is the victory, the glory thine ! ”

Modern poetry retains less, yet far too much of the war-spirit. It rarely eulogizes the custom ; but it breathes such sentiments, and throws such a halo of glory around the hero's brow, as cannot fail to cherish its delusions. Campbell is a pretty fair specimen of the whole. His *Wounded Hussar*, and his *Soldier's Dream*, are touching sketches of the anguish attendant on war ; but his *Hohenlinden*, his *Mariners of England*, and his *Battle of the Baltic*, are impregnated with enough of the war-spirit to have charged all the legions of old Rome. His writings show a strange mixture of peace and war ; but his influence is sure to terminate in favor of the latter. Take a single specimen :

“ The sun went down ; nor ceased the carnage there ;  
Tumultuous murder shook the midnight air ;  
On Prague's proud arch the fires of ruin glow,  
His blood-dyed waters murmuring far below.  
The storm prevails, the ramparts yield a way,  
Bursts the wild cry of horror and dismay.  
Hark ! as the smouldering piles with thunder fall,  
A thousand shrieks for hopeless mercy call !  
Earth shook, red meteors flashed along the sky,  
And conscious nature shuddered at the cry !

Oh ! righteous Heaven ! ere Freedom found a grave,  
Why slept the sword, omnipotent to save ?  
Where was thine arm, O vengeance ! where thy rod,  
That smote the foes of Zion and of God ;  
That crushed proud Anmon, when his iron car  
Was yoked in wrath, and thundered from afar ?  
Where was the storm that slumbered till the host  
Of blood-stained Pharaoh left their trembling coast,  
Then bade the deep in wild commotion flow,  
And heaved an ocean on their march below ?

Departed spirits of the mighty dead !  
Ye that at Marathon and Leuctra bled !  
Friends of the world ! restore your swords to man,  
Fight in his sacred cause, and lead the van !  
Yet for Sarmatia's tears of blood atone,  
And make her arm puissant as your own !  
Oh ! once again to Freedom's cause return  
The patriot Tell, the Bruce of Bannockburn ! ”

There is no end to such specimens of war-poetry, even in the Christian literature of the nineteenth century. Mrs. Hemans, a professed daughter of the God of peace, was a war-poetess ; the exquisite lines on *The Burial of Sir John Moore*, written by an ambassador of the Prince of peace, breathe the genuine spirit of war ; and the following strains from a poet of our own, though selected by doctors of divinity to be rehearsed in our schools, are as fiercely vindictive as any that ever fell from the harp of Homer or Tyrtæus :

“ An hour passed on. The Turk awoke ;  
That bright dream was his last ;  
He woke to hear his sentry's shriek—  
‘ To arms ! They come !—the Greek ! the Greek ! ’  
He woke to die midst flame, and smoke,  
And shout, and groan, and sabre-stroke,  
And death-shots falling thick and fast,  
As lightnings from the mountain-cloud,  
And heard, with voice as thunder loud,  
Bozzaris cheer his band—  
‘ Strike till the last armed foe expires ;  
Strike for your altars and your fires ;  
Strike for the green graves of your sires,  
God, and your native land.’ ”

They fought like brave men, long and well;  
 They piled that ground with Moslem slain;  
 They conquered; but Bozzaris fell,  
 Bleeding at every vein.  
 His few surviving comrades saw  
 His smile, when rang their proud hurrah,  
 And the red field was won;  
 Then saw in death his eye-lids close  
 Calmly, as to a night's repose,  
 Like flowers at set of sun.  
 Bozzaris! with the storied brave,  
 Greece nurtured in her glory's prime,  
 Rest thee; there is no prouder grave,  
 E'en in her own proud clime.  
 We tell thy doom without a sigh;  
 For thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's,  
 One of the few, the immortal names,  
 That were not born to die."

It were easy to fill volumes with such specimens of the war-spirit, even in the recent literature of Christendom. The student is constantly meeting them in works of taste; nor do I see how the combustible spirit of youth can help taking fire at such scintillations of war; and surely he needs the shield of peace to guard him against the cluster of dangers by which he is surrounded. ERASMUS.

#### POSSIBLE TO ABOLISH WAR BY RIGHT MEANS.

Human nature is as corrigible on this subject as upon any other; there is nothing to render the extinction of this custom impossible by the right use of the requisite means; and the promises of God make its ultimate abolition perfectly certain. "It shall come to pass in the last days, that the mountain of the Lord's house shall be established in the top of the mountains, and all nations shall flow unto it; and then shall they beat their swords into plough-shares, and their spears into pruning-hooks; nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they *learn* war any more."

But how is this promise to be fulfilled? By miracle? We can expect no more miracles. By some unparalleled interposition of Providence? God has promised no such interposition. Without the use of appropriate means? Such means are just as indispensable for the prevalence of peace as for the spread of the gospel.

But what are these means? Such an application of the gospel to the subject as shall revolutionize the war-sentiments of Christendom, fill every Christian community with deep abhorrence of this custom, and lead rulers to employ only pacific expedients in settling international disputes. And who shall use these means? We cannot rely on men of the world, except as occasional coadjutors; it is the appropriate work of Christians, and they must do it, or it never will be done. But how shall they do it? Is it enough for them merely to support and to propagate the present form of their religion? It has for ages tolerated the war-system, and suffered Christendom to remain a vast hot-bed of war. Will such a religion, if spread through the world, put an end to war? No sooner than a rum-drinking and a slave-holding Christianity would put an end to intemperance and slavery. *The gospel will abolish nothing which it sanctions and supports*; and if men are not converted to peace as fast as they are to God, such a conversion of the whole world could not insure the universal and permanent reign of peace. We must restore the pacific principles of the gospel, and incorporate them once more, where Christ and his apostles left them, in the faith and character of his disciples as a body, before the spread of Christianity will insure the abolition of war. The gospel is a sovereign remedy for all the moral maladies of our world; but it must be *applied* to war, before it can cure this deep and deadly gangrene of our race. It has not been thus applied for fifteen centuries; and so long as Christians persist in this neglect, we cannot expect to see peace co-extensive with Christianity. B.